

Read #4
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
AUDREY, SEYMOUR

AUDREY. You know, sometimes I think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on you.

SEYMOUR. Oh, I don't mind. After all, I owe him everything. He took me out of the Skid Row Home for Boys when I was just a little tyke. Gave me a warm place to sleep, under the counter. Nice things to eat like meatloaf and water. Floors to sweep and toilets to clean and every other Sunday off . . .

AUDREY. You know, I think you oughta raise. your expectations, Seymour. Now that we're getting successful, I mean. Why don't you start with some new clothes? No offense, but what with all the interviews and photo sessions, a big, important experimental botanist has to look the part.

SEYMOUR. I'm a very bad shopper, Audrey. don't have good taste, like you.

AUDREY. Well, I could help you pick things out.

SEYMOUR. You could?

AUDREY. Sure.

SEYMOUR. (He takes a step toward her.) You'd go shopping with me?

AUDREY. Sure.

SEYMOUR. (and another) You'd be seen with me in a public place? Like a department store?

AUDREY. Sure.

SEYMOUR. (and another) Tonight?

AUDREY. I can't tonight. I've got a date. But I'd like to go with you another time.

SEYMOUR. Sure, I'll pencil you in.

AUDREY. I'll bet you've got alotta dates now, huh?

SEYMOUR. Not dates exactly. But alotta garden clubs have been calling—asking me to give lectures.

AUDREY. Gee.

SEYMOUR. Imagine me, giving lectures. I never even finished grade school.

AUDREY. That doesn't matter. You have life experience.

SEYMOUR. Some experience. I don't even know what it's like to fly in an airplane.

AUDREY. Me neither.

SEYMOUR. Or eat a fancy dinner at Howard Johnson's.

AUDREY. Me neither.

SEYMOUR. Or ride a motorcycle.

AUDREY. Oh, it's no big deal. And besides, it's dangerous.

SEYMOUR. It is?

AUDREY. Extremely dangerous. (beat) Gee, I'd better go fix my face. My date'll be here any minute.